

FIRE IN THE HILLS

I woke up crazed
picked a fight with my wife
at the breakfast table
combed my hair straight back
in the steamy mirror
cartoons were on in the other room.

Outside I could smell smoke
it was so heavy it burned my eyes
and the morning was hot
I thought one of the neighbors'
houses must be on fire
I hosed the bird crap and leaves
off the hood of my old Toyota
and headed for the freeway.

The high school kids standing
on the corner waiting
for the green light were
very young and very blonde.

The news man gave me the reason
brush fires in the canyons
homes burning in the hills
the city was on fire
gusty winds up to 40 miles per hour
I looked in the rearview mirror and saw
my photogray glasses had darkened.